



VOL. III. No. 25.)

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To

By MATILDA SMITH.

O! say not that friendship
Can stir away
Like flowers that blossom,
Fall in a day.
At least, let me dream.
That the friends I love best
Will love me through life,
Till I go to my rest.

I would not walk fearful
Life's desolate coast,
Mistrusting the friends
That I cherish the most.
I would not believe,
That the dear ones I trust
Would trample my heart.
As they trample the dust.

No, no, let me rather,
Walk blindly along.
In kindness and trust
Through the world-shattered throng.
Believing and hoping
Whatever I do.
That the friends I am loving
Are loving me too.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MINIATURE; OR, LIFE SCENES.

BY WILLIS MACLAY.

CHAPTER II.

"A happy throng
Sat by the old fireside, and talked of love,
Another's love."
Old Play.

"With trembling voice, he told the tale
Of crime and wickedness and woe." *Baldad*

T was a "happy throng by the old fireside" indeed. Every eye was bright, every face was lit up with a smile, every heart was joyous and free. No intruder was there, no one to mar the happiness of the family circle. "The agreeable Mr. Gibson" had left the room and had left no pang of sorrow or trouble behind.

The picture of love was complete. The fire's ruddy glow lit and warmed the room and showed to the enraptured gaze a fond mother, a devoted sister, a loving brother, sitting side by side in peaceful joy and innocence and love.

In the corner sat the old pastor, looking on the scene. The soft silken looks of the brother mingled with the black tresses of his sister, as they reclined upon each other's bosoms, in mutual affection. Mr. Dowell looked long upon such a lovely scene, but shades of anxiety passed over his benign face, betraying the troubled thoughts within. Without prelude or preface he proposed the blunt question:

"My dear Louisa, do you think Joseph Gibson will make a good husband for you?"

The question had its effect. An involuntary shudder shook Louisa's frame, and Will could not feel it too. The subject was painful as it was, continually returning to his mind, he could not banish it, although it was the source of so much anxious thought, and he listened eagerly for his sister's answer.

In the meantime her face reddened and paled by turns, and she knew not what to reply, but at last with an effort hard enough of him to say—"she could go no further."

Her mother astonished at the query, asked to assist her daughter so perplexed: "Why, Mr. Dowell, you do not know anything unfavorable concerning him, do you?"

The pastor did not heed this last remark but continued:

"And, Louisa, you are going to marry a man, of whom you know very little?"

Louisa did not reply; the fact was, she had not thought about it in that light; she knew Mr. Gibson was a polite, handsome agreeable man.

Mrs. Grahame repeated her query, that she had proposed to Mr. Dowell.

A deep-drawn sigh was the only response. Each again dropped into reverie, and buried themselves into the world of thought, that reposed in each brain. Their faces were not so cheerful, nor their voices as merry, as before.

Mr. Dowell resumed the conversation: "Louise, Grahame. I consult your best interests, when I advise you to defer the marriage till after a month or two."

"A month or two," said Will, "Graham, rising from his seat with an astonished air."

"A month or two, you must wait longer than that"—and then as if waiving the subject he asked:

"How long has Mr. Gibson been living here?"

"About three months," was the reply. Mr. Grahame looked surprised, but saying nothing, he resumed his seat.

He thought. His mind was busy in the memories of the past. He thought of the bright morning of his life, when all was a dream, a happy dream; when the past was to him a continued scene of joy in which he loved to let his feelings play, happy and free; when the present was pleasure and innocence; when the future

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

{WHOLE NO. 127.

Bending for the Young.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY STEPHEN F. MILLER.

To be of service to one very dear to him, as well as to young men generally who might happen to read them, the author conceived the plan of writing a series of letters, addressed as above, through the *Southern Democrat*. The first number appeared on the 29th December, 1858, and others weekly, until No. VIII., when, owing to the removal of the press to another town, the letters were discontinued. They are here republished with the hope of doing good:—

LETTER II.

You should bear constantly in mind that man is the creature of habit; and you should also remember that now is the time for you to establish your happiness or misery. Good and evil are before you, and you are a free agent to choose either. If you have seen examples of virtue and intelligence, if you have read of them, if they impress you with a desire to copy them, go to work on yourself; cast off sloth, fear, and all morbid apprehensions of the future. Resolve to be a man. Suppose difficulties gather in your path, friends deceive, fortune persecutes you, a few silly heads predict your failure: what of all this? Are you not the same, your motives as pure, intellect as sound, your capacity to labor, to improve, just as it was before this persecution? The fact is, you must wade through seas of trouble; you must know adversity, affliction, every form of trial, to qualify you for successful action. You must not look up to those above you in wealth, station, and influence, and, by comparing your emptiness with their abundance, to accuse your Maker with partiality, or your parents with indifference to your welfare, in not providing you a fortune to start upon. Rather be grateful that you were born in an humble sphere, so that you may have the satisfaction of elevating yourself above it,—of competing with the sons of the rich. Ten to one, you will beat them in the race; for, while they have weight to carry, you, light as a feather, may dash on at the top of your mettle!

"Happy in heaven!" It was a little child that said it; innocent and full of simplicity it clasped its tiny hands together, looking upward, while a glow of heavenly beauty lingered around its bright eyes, and sunny clustering locks, it murmured "Please God! make me happy in heaven!"

As might be supposed, the tender-hearted, loving mother deprived herself to a great degree and sent (\$1000) five hundred dollars to his wicked wretch. Nothing has since been heard of him, except through Joseph Gibson.

The old pastor stopped as if he had finished his narrative, but Graham begged him to continue the subject, if it were not too painful to him or too distressing to his feelings.

Mr. Dowell resumed the narrative:

"About three months ago, young Gibson came here with the following intelligence. A few weeks before he had set out for this place, a brother of his was sailing in the 'Elmira' from Havana to New Orleans in company with Louis Chester.

The old pastor stopped as if he had finished his narrative, but Graham begged him to continue the subject, if it were not too painful to him or too distressing to his feelings.

Mr. Dowell stopped as if he had finished his narrative, but Graham begged him to continue the subject, if it were not too painful to him or too distressing to his feelings.

As he finished the sad story his voice, which was calm and steady, became near the close tremulous and faltering, and when he had done, the tears, great splashing tears fell on the hearth, as he bowed his head in agony of thought.

Will, though shocked and astonished, was anxious to find out the sequel to a story so dreadful, as there seemed to be something beyond the curtains which Mr. Dowell let fall at the close of his recitals. He whispered to his sister his yearnings, and she then pointed to the pile of likelessness lying on the table. He glanced rapidly over them by the glimmering fire-light; there was but one left: a small well-worn miniature; he gazed at it with an incredulous look; it seemed an old friend, yet he doubted. He opened it and looked with a tearful eye, and in a tone of deep, unfeigned wonder, he exclaimed:

"My God! 'tis Ellen Norwood! when how? where did he get it?"

"Here," replied Louisa, "here is the note he sent."

He looked at the rough and ragged piece of paper, dear by association, and read:

"MISS LOUISA GRAHAME:—If ever again you see your brother, tell him that on my bended knees, in the face of the dangers that crowd around, I implore his forgiveness. I alone led him into the downward road of ruin. Tell him to forgive me and the awful crimes I have led him to commit. Bid him remember the 20th Oct., and tell him that I alone am responsible for his guilt. LOUIS CHESTER."

He stood in rapt astonishment. Then, looking heavenward, he said with earnest simplicity:

"I forgive."

He pondered upon the last act of the terrible drama; he thought upon the dread results, but his mind would wander, it would contemplate the beauty and loveliness of her whose miniature he clasped the state of his mind. Turning to his sister Louisa, he said:

"The sad, and afflicting news broke slowly upon his father's mind. He could not believe that his son was a scoundrel."

"What and how is 'sweet Ellen'?"

Good words like friends—bad ones, enemies.

Please, please, like flowers, while they are fresh."

planter, an educated planter, whose daughter has just returned from school gay, lovely, and accomplished. Do you not worship her? Do you not think her an angel, who, wandering at twilight in search of a sister-spirit, missed her way, and groped gently on the earth to represent the society of the skies and to gratify poor mortals with the sight of perfection? Now you want to hear another song, another tune on the piano,—other words: "Come, Rest in this bosom." Why young gentleman, you are crazy: that divine shadow, that music-spirit from heaven, those notes of celestial harmony, have added your brain. Come, let me sober you by a cold bath.

The fairy was a veritable human being, yes, a woman; no goddess, no angel. Step with me suddenly into her father's house on business. She runs from us; but I have a glimpse. The dear creature thinks you are an angel, too, of the masculine species; and she will appear directly, with angelic tresses, with angelic color, on the cheeks, and a perfect angelic suavity of manner to kill you on the spot. Here she comes, even more graceful, more destructive in her charms, more Juno-like, than when you beheld her at the party. I wanted you to see her *en d'habille*, at her work-table, handling family garments, visiting the kitchen to see about dinner, regulating the furniture, and taking the general care of the house of the hands of her aged and infirm mother. I wanted you to see beauty at home, as a daughter, a sister, a friend, a tender associate, that you might imagine beauty as a wife, as a *nurse*. But I see you are absent-minded, paying no attention to me; and so I will let you off at present, with the understanding that I am to finish my discourse on angels at another time, when you shall have gained a little more self-possession, more command of your nerves, and more respect for my counsels.

Now, dear friend, I leave you in just such a reverie as I used to be in for hours

for days, for months, at longer or shorter intervals; and so fully impressed was I with the divine qualities of woman, and so humbly did I bow at her feet, entertaining with so poor an opinion of myself, of my person, of my worth,—that I was willing to draw for a wife in a lottery consisting of widows old maids, pretty girls, plain girls, all proper girls, mixed up together for Cupid to distribute the prizes by the fairest rules of chance. Be you assured that marriage is a lottery, with more blanks than prizes,—black men and black women in about equal proportion.

—

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.—Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious boy was to be chosen; and it was evident to all that his mind was beginning to set and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him putting forth on foot to settle in a remote town in that State, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is in business in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years of age, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-taught lawyer. Now is found on the bench of Supreme Court. Next he becomes a member of the committee of six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and w^{est} counsellors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in his sphere, the name of a Christian, he died regretted and loved by State and nation. This man was Roger Sherman. We take particular satisfaction, now and then, in chronicling the career of these self-made men; and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our time to follow. It is the best service a journalist can perform for the good of the rising generation.

—

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Day-dream.

BY IVA.

As I slept beneath a shady tree,

A gentle spirit came to me;

She gazed on me long with a pitying eye,

She uttered a whisper akin to a sigh,

And she smiled with a smile serene.

—

Oh say, gentle spirit, why, why art thou here?

Why leaving the light of some heavenly sphere,

Hast thou come to this world of ours?

The fair spirit sighed

As she softly replied—

"The world, I can see,

"T's but dreary to thee;

"But list to my lay,

"And I'll show thee a way,

"That's strown with the fairest of flowers.

—

I cannot indeed give thee Fortune and Fame,

Endow thee with wealth, or enoble thy name;

But to those who will steadily walk in my train,

There is strength in their trials, and comfort in pain;

Through danger and hardship they never complain.

They are strong in their trials and patient in pain.

—

They are strong in their trials, and patient in pain;

Through danger and hardship they never complain.

They are strong in their trials and patient in pain.

—

You see you blooming girl in the party circle, so radiant with smiles, health in her cheeks, and beauty dazzling all beholders?

Sweetly she sings, and with seraphic touch,

She wakes music from the piano or the harpsichord, to entrance every listener.

How gracefully she declines to sing more!

—her voice is injured by a cold: she is afraid to cause pain instead of pleasure to those who love her.

The rest is dedicated to a passion so pure, so proper, so parental, so plastic, so powerful, and, to carry the alliteration further, I will add, so *pernicious*, to young men, that I pause to harkle you on the subject. Now, sir, I accompany you on a visit to the fair, the girl you love, the angel to make home a paradise.

—

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—

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stanzas.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

I know no loved and cherished spot,

O! sorrow, where thou comest not,

THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

C. C. COLE, & J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

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STRANGE LOGIC.

The Goldsboro Tribune takes umbrage at the article in the Times of the 5th inst., in which the friends of the Greensboro' and Danville connection were defended from the attacks, and what we conceived to be misrepresentations, by the enemies of the road. The article in the Times was in reply to the Warrenton News, and not to the Tribune, yet this latter paper takes up the subject and classes the Times as a *Literary and Neutral* paper, and as such having no right to interfere in matters of internal improvements or State interests. In reply to this voluntary insinuation or dictate of the Tribune, we simply remark, the editors of the Times claim to be their own judges in such matters.

A word in reply to one other insinuation of the Tribune and we are done. The question is asked us, based upon our position on the Greensboro and Danville connection, "why is it *Neutral* papers (meaning the Times) are generally found fighting against the Democracy?"

This position is logically false so far as it refers to the Times. The argument would be this: "The Times advocates the Greensboro and Danville connection; Therefore the Times is fighting against Democracy." This is the argument of the Tribune. Let us make another application. The Western Democrat advocates this same connection; Therefore the Democrat is fighting against Democracy. But the Tribune will not dare say the Western Democrat is "fighting against Democracy," for Judge Ellis, the regular nominee of the Democratic Party, has no more zealous advocate than the Western Democrat. And moreover, we know a member of the committee which constructed the Democratic Platform, who advocates this same connection, and therefore, by the logic of the Tribune, he is classed among the enemies of Democracy. But well for the Democrat and this member of the committee, the Tribune is not supreme arbiter in such things.

The simple truth of the whole matter is this. The Tribune knows his logic to be false, yet he is aware that with some, who are not sufficiently interested to detect the fallacy, it will place the Times in a wrong position and have a tendency to injure it. What spite the Tribune can have against the Times, we know not. We have ever treated it with the greatest courtesy, and looked upon it as a true friend. And we now ask at the hands of the Tribune even justice, and shall await the result.

Clubs.

The number of applications for specimen copies of the Times to make up Clubs, is quite cheering. We have ever had faith in the people of the South, that they would sustain their own enterprises if worthy; and the cheering words given us from all the Southern States add new strength to our faith. Those who have not yet commenced to do us one small favor, have no idea what good a little united effort can accomplish. This is the very best time of all the year to make an effort. And to make the volumes and subscriptions agree, we will send the Times from the beginning of THE MINIATURE to the end of the year (seven months) for one dollar; to clubs of six, five dollars; and clubs of ten, eight dollars. We are exceedingly anxious to double our present list, and can only hope to effect it by applying to those who are willing to aid us. Have not the Southern young men a sympathetic feeling for their young companion, the author of THE MINIATURE; and are there no young ladies interested? Now is the set time, "and what thou dost do quickly."

THE CIRCUS

Is coming to town, as will be seen by an advertisement in this number of the Times, and of course all who have an extra half dollar with no better use to apply it, will go to see what is to be seen. But to show whom the Agent expects patronage we refer to a remark made by him to us, in which Greensboro' is paid a high compliment. He alluded to a certain very rough mountainous country through which he had passed, where the inhabitants were not very intelligent or moral, but said he, it is from such places we make the most money. Greensboro' continued the Agent, is marked among all showmen as a hard place to pass, as they do not make enough to pay expenses.

The moral we draw from the above is this. The chief patronage to a Circus is from the illiterate and immoral. And Greensboro' a town not ranking in either class, they get from us but little encouragement. May every place become as Greensboro', only more so!

Our Book Table.

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS: A Poem delivered at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, June 12, 1855; by L. H. Stucke, a member of the Graduating Class.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this poem, making a neat book of 21 pages. The inspiring theme had its due influence upon the young author and some of the lines glow with the effulgent passion, as if his mind was retouched with the same fervency that brought Joan from her home of retirement to dare the floods of valor which had made veteran hearts quench.

In better justice to the poem, we quote a few extracts from some of the first pages:

* * * When a woman lifts Her voice, that sounded sea to calm, or quell Some raging storm, with gen'rous hands, to smite Stern terror's bitter cup, from pallid lips, And raise a short the standard of her worth, Of man's human heart, there glows Upon such scenes, a vivid, constant light, To mark this glorious era of the world. While Peace, with gladdening smiles, had ever cheered [France]

The bright spots of earth, there hung o'er A dark, portentous cloud. From ev'ry vale A mournful dirge; for joyous homes, No longer basked in Fortune's gentle rays, As scenes of ill-birth, but Terror stood, Of man's arms, when she was brought; And lifting high his voice, with son-like joy, Their dismal song of desolation sang. Her blooming fields now blushed with crimson'd gore.

And even Earth herself, groaned low beneath The burden of the slain. Each passing breeze Was vocal with the dying groan, bearing On its bosom, besides a nation's grief!

A nation's wounded pride. Britain's Lion Had crouched to make the fearful leap, and Hope, With wings outstretched, gazed far on other When there arose a woman's soft but earnest voice.

In plaintive tones and accents sweet, to stay Hope's everlasting flight.

* * * But now a maid of tender years, inspired With heavenly zeal arose to solve alone The mystery; while men who well might boast Of mental strength and spirit shrewdness, long Had sought their country to secure, against The attacks of foreign, cruel foes, with shame Acknowledged now, fair window far to scan Th' impending blow of ruin dread, to stay, The throne of France was vacant.

The sacrifice

Was great. Her mental struggles fast, She shuddered at her father's fearful oath, That he would tear away his daughter's heart And cast it bleeding at his feet, before Her voice should sound the clarion notes of war, Or e'er her fragile form, the sum'rous hosts Of man-a'-arms should lead, though none but sb.

Could have achieved for France eternal fame. But duty every doubt dispelled. She left Her home, when her heart so fondly loved, And thus incurred an angry father's frown. Yet this a sacrifice so great, she made To save her country from unnumbered woes.

With eager step she hastened to the scene Of strife. Though danger lurked around her way,

And trackless deserts lay with dreary hue, To intercept her path, their gloomy haunts Her tranquil spirit ne'er disturbed. Shied

Her from the sun she relied placed Her through the city of Chinon. At last, When that bold failed to prove her maid had leaped ed.

He gathered all the splendors of his court, While yet a thousand torches' lurid light Illumed the spacious hall, and lordly knights With nobles of the realm, all round The monarch's throne resplendent, fierce array,

To disconcert the holy maid. Humble She bowed before the dauphin yet uncrowned, And thus began her simple words: 'I come, Saith she, not in the strength of steel, but mailed In the panoply of righteousness.'

[To offer to my own beloved France, And to her king, the services I owe.

A voice of warning I heard ascend, From hill and vale. The vineyards of the land, Though rich with luscious fruit, have staled The taste.

Of transalpine marceyans fruit. Again I've seen the frequent gale, at midnight hours Of burning hamlets and consuming houses; While shrieks of wretched mortals, came to pierce My soul, to tell their cap of woe was full.

And over this sad, desolate scene, And o'er my people's weakness, and the strength Of foes still unrestrained, a feeble girl, A shepherdess could only sigh; but now, A heavenly host had sent me to declare, That Joan of Arc, will onward rush.

Her life again, to the bright flag,

And let his folds once more unfurled, Wave, To speak the glory of her spotless name,

And when the battle's strife's o'er, I come, To crown thee, dauphin, monarch of thy realm, In yonderly Helms, where Britain's troops, Now desecrate her walls.' In sweetest tones Thus spoke the inspired maid. At last approved

By King and judges, she prepared to stem The tide of war. Orleans had raised the cry For help, and thither Joan bent her way.

As the author advances with his theme, leads Joan to the siege of Orleans,

"her armor on,

And lifting high her white, so fit An emblem of her own pure heart, onward She press'd swift to the bastille's heroic attack."

His pen gathers more and more of the inspiration and the reader is borne along through the successive stages of this most wonderful drama. The successful issue of Orleans, and the Dauphin Throned; Joan's aid still further sought; taken prison; and sold for gold to her enemy, the Britons; tried as a sorceress; and dies at the stake, a death reproachful to her ungrateful king, and a crimson stain upon the neighborhood of Tucson.

Letters received from Fort Bridger state that there were sufficient provisions to last until the middle of May or the first of June, before which time additional supplies would be received. Instead of Agent Hunt's inviting the Indians to hostility against the United States, he was successful in preventing the Indians from joining the Mormons, and escaped because the latter had determined to take his life.

EARL STANHOPE'S recent inaugural address delivered at his installation as Lord Rector of Mordisich University, to

Aberdeen, England, was an able, graceful and attractive speech. That success is only to be obtained by industry, as proved by numerous happy illustrations drawn from the lives of eminent men in the various departments of literature and science, was shown by an excellent extract in last week's issue. And of all the attainments which Lord Stanhope showed to depend upon cultivation, none more needed to be dwelt upon before a body of students than that of

Oratory.

There is no accomplishment which even when possessed in a moderate degree raises its possessor to consideration with equal rapidity, none for which there is so

constant a demand in the church, in the senate, or the bar, and none, strange to say, which is so little studied by the majority of aspirants. Dr. King, in his

Anecdotes of his Own Time,' which was written in 1760, complains that the want

of a proper power of expression was a universal defect in the English nation.

Many admirable scholars whom he had known could not speak with propriety in common conversation, whereas, among the French and Italians he had met few

learned men who did not talk with ease and elegance.

That his pupils might acquire the art

of speaking with correctness and facility, he used to recommend them to get by heart a page of some English classic every morning, and the method was often attended with complete success. There is

still the same disproportion as in his day between the extensive learning of the educated classes and their capability of imparting it. Great pains are taken at our schools and universities to obtain knowledge, but upon the mode of conveying it in a way which shall be pleasing and forcible no pains are bestowed at all. It is as if years should be spent in collecting materials for the construction of a mighty edifice without any attempt to dispose them in an order which would secure beauty, strength, or convenience.

Lord Chesterfield was for ever impressing upon his son the necessity, if he wished to be

listened to, of acquiring an elegant style and a good delivery. He appealed to the instances within his own experience of the applause which followed those who

possessed these advantages, and of the uselessness without them of the most

solid acquirements. Lord Townsend, he said, who invariably spoke with sound argument and abundant knowledge, was

heard with impatience and ridicule, be-

cause his diction was always vulgar and

frequently ungrammatical, his cadence

false, and his voice inharmonious; whereas

as the Duke of Argyle, whose manner was

firm, and his reasoning the weakest ever

addressed to an intelligent assembly,

'charmed, warmed, and satisfied his audi-

Life or Death?

Such is the startling head to a letter addressed to the people of the United States by one MAX LANGENSWARZ, and published by the European League, of the city of New York.

As our opinion, as one of the public press of the United States, is asked either pro or con, we hesitatingly give it. The writer predicts a great revolution in the whole of Europe in the year 1860; has been writing of it for nearly twenty years, and believes that marked indications are now pointing to the correctness of his prophecy. He begins his letter:

"One of the most guilty of this charge is

EUGENE SUE.

Of the manner of how every-day life we

present a short sketch, taken from the

French :

One of the most deplorable facts in our

present literature is its evident tendency

to socialism.

Publishers, like scientific cooks, will

serve the choice dishes to the public, even

if they contain poisonous principles. There

is not a hamlet, and scarcely a hut, where

such works are not found; and as long as

money is to be made by them, authors will

continue to write, regardless of the evils

of which they are guilty.

The whole land is inundated with their pernicious productions.

Sue is one of those guilty authors. Since

the revolution of '48, he has been living

in elegant exile, on the lake of Annecy,

in Savoy. From the public square of the

town, you may see an elegant country seat

on the hill-side, half a league distant. It

is a charming villa, owned by Ruffi,

a Piedmontese architect. Sue has leased it

for a term of years. His friends have

persuaded him to abandon the mode of life

he used to lead in Paris. There he was

served by pretty women, dressed in gaudy

garments, a la Greuze, and a princely

retinue of men-servants; now he has but

one valet, and a handsome housekeeper.

He rises early, and walks upon the lake-

shore, or among the pines of his garden;

and then returns to breakfast.

The fresh Alpine morning breeze has

given him an appetite; you see it when

he eats. His minion, Hebe, neatly robed,

pours the pure coffee into the porcelain

cup. His morning meal over, he retires

to his study,—this happy socialist—treats

to his extensive correspondence.

The letters read, his valet hands him,

on a golden waiter, a pair of perfumed

</

End of the Mormon Rebellion.
The President of the United States transmitted to both Houses of Congress on Thursday the subjoined Message, communicating, on the authority of an accompanying dispatch from Gov. Cumming, the agreeable intelligence that our difficulties with the deluded population of Utah have, as it is believed, received a peaceful termination. The whole country, we are sure, will share in the feelings of satisfaction with which the President communicates to Congress this gratifying result of the measures which have been taken by his Administration for the suppression of revolt and disorder in that distant Territory:

WASHINGTON, JUNE 10, 1858.
To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I transmit a copy of a dispatch from Governor Cumming to the Secretary of State, dated at Great Salt Lake City on the 2d of May, and received at the Department of State on yesterday. From this there is a reason to believe that our difficulties with the Territory of Utah have terminated and the reign of the American party and the Democrats were such a sanguine of success.

About that time however quite a series of row occurred at the Fourth ward polls. A gang of ruffians approached the line of voters with threats and menaces. Being ordered by the police to disperse, they refused, and even went so far as to attack one of the officers, who in self-defense drew his revolver and fired several shots into the crowd, wounding two of the ring-leaders. The excitement instantly became intense—pistols were freely used, and in the *melee* that ensued, several persons were badly, though none, I believe, mortally wounded. The Marshal's mounted posse speedily appeared, and, aided by the resolution of the extra police, restored order and scattered the riot. The prompt action of the authorities in this instance had a salutary effect during the remainder of the day, and at seven o'clock the polls were closed, without any further disturbance worth mentioning having taken place. An immense crowd now began to assemble at the City Hall impatiently awaiting the announcement of the result. About half past ten the returns came in, and the Democrats were electrified by the tidings that their candidate was successful by the unopposed majority of 571, their having triumphed in six out of the seven wards by small majorities. An extraordinary procession was immediately gotten up, and headed by the Marine band the throng proceeded to the residence of Col. Berett, the Mayor-elect, who exchanged congratulations with them upon the signal victory just achieved. The Americans regretted the result as a very mortifying defeat, inasmuch as their candidate, Mr. Wallach, was esteemed by one of our most popular citizens, and received the suffrages of many who hitherto had voted with the anti-Know Nothing party.

In regard to the regiment of volunteers authorized by the same act of Congress to be called into service for the defence of the frontiers of Texas against Indian hostilities, I desire to leave this question to Congress, observing at the same time that, in my opinion, the State can be defended for the present by the regular troops, which have not yet been withdrawn from its limits.

JAMES BUCHANAN.
GOV. CUMMING'S RECEPTION, BY THE MORMANS.

In a letter to the Secretary of State, communicated to Congress by the President, Governor Cumming describes his reception by the Mormons. He left the camp on the 5th of April for Salt Lake City, accompanied by Colonel Kane, as his guide, and two servants. He was greeted on his way with respectful attentions, and conducted into the city by the Mayor and municipal officers. Brigham Young visited him, and offered every facility for the performance of his duties. Young's course met with the approval of a majority of the people of Salt Lake. The territorial seal was given him by William H. Hooper, the late acting Secretary of the Territory. Having heard many complaints, he caused public notice to be posted, signifying his readiness to relieve and protect all persons illegally restrained of their liberty. Sixty-six men, thirty-three women, and seventy-one children asked his protection, and expressed the wish to go to the United States. Of these, a large majority were English.

Governor Cumming says that his visit to the Tabernacle will never be forgotten. There were between three and four thousand persons assembled for the purpose of public worship. There was profound silence when he appeared. Brigham Young introduced him as the Governor of Utah, and Governor Cumming addressed them for half an hour, telling them that it was his purpose to uphold the Constitution, and that he would expect their obedience to all lawful authority, assuring them of his determination to administer equal and exact justice, &c. He was listened to respectfully. He invited responses, and several spoke, referring in excited tones to the murder of Joseph Smith, to the services rendered by the Mormons, and the exodus of the Mormons. He left the Tabernacle with the people, including the inhabitants of Salt Lake, in the northern part of the Territory, are leaving; the roads are everywhere filled with wagons loaded with provisions and household furniture, the women and children following after, without shoes or hats, driving their flocks they know not where. They seemed not only content, but cheerful. It is the will of the Lord, they say, and they rejoice to change the comforts of home for the trials of the wilderness. Their ultimate destination was not fixed upon. Going south seemed to be sufficient to designate the place; but, from the private remarks of Young in the Tabernacle, Governor Cumming thinks they are going to Sonora.

Brigham Young, Kimball, and most of the influential men, had left their commodious mansions to swell the ranks of the emigrants. The masses everywhere announced to Governor Cumming that the torch will be applied to every house indiscriminately throughout the country, as soon as the troops attempt to cross the mountains. The people, though scattered, would be rallied. Some of the Mormons are yet in arms, and the Governor speaks of the mischief they are capable of rendering as guerrillas. The way for the emigrants to the Pacific is open. Governor Cumming says that he would leave for the south, on the 3d of May. He says that he will restrain all the proceeding of the military for the present, and until he shall receive additional instructions from the President.

Greensboro Patriot.
This paper was issued last week in an entire new dress and much enlarged. The old and time-honored head, "Greensboro Patriot," is again taken, in the place of "Patriot & Flag." Much success to our enterprising and worthy contemporary.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, June 15, 1858.
A hot week—the municipal election—Wise precautions—Disturbances—The result—Peace in Utah—Post office affairs—Retirement—The Adjournment—Indiana Senators—Repetition of Old Fellow's celebration, &c.

Whew! how warm! Julie seems determined to give us the sunshine which we should have had in May, superadded to its own. Last Monday opened upon us with a heat in perfect union with the political feelings of the contending parties. The friends of the two candidates for the majority had strained every nerve to bring out their full strength, and long before noon it was evident that heavy vote would be polled. The most salutary measures had been taken to preserve order and secure to each citizen the full and free exercise of the elective franchise. Sixty extra police, composed of well-known Gentlemen of all parties, were on duty at the polls of each ward. Besides these, one hundred mounted volunteer troopers, under command of Marshal Selden, were ready armed and equipped to proceed without delay to any precinct which might be reported as the scene of a disturbance. Up to half past one o'clock however all was quiet—the voting was close—and the independent American party and the Democrats were each sanguine of success.

About that time however quite a series of row occurred at the Fourth ward polls. A gang of ruffians approached the line of voters with threats and menaces. Being ordered by the police to disperse, they refused, and even went so far as to attack one of the officers, who in self-defense drew his revolver and fired several shots into the crowd, wounding two of the ring-leaders. The excitement instantly became intense—pistols were freely used, and in the *melee* that ensued, several persons were badly, though none, I believe, mortally wounded. The Marshal's mounted posse speedily appeared, and, aided by the resolution of the extra police, restored order and scattered the riot. The prompt action of the authorities in this instance had a salutary effect during the remainder of the day, and at seven o'clock the polls were closed, without any further disturbance worth mentioning having taken place. An immense crowd now began to assemble at the City Hall impatiently awaiting the announcement of the result. About half past ten the returns came in, and the Democrats were electrified by the tidings that their candidate was successful by the unopposed majority of 571, their having triumphed in six out of the seven wards by small majorities. An extraordinary procession was immediately gotten up, and headed by the Marine band the throng proceeded to the residence of Col. Berett, the Mayor-elect, who exchanged congratulations with them upon the signal victory just achieved.

The editor of *Russell's Magazine* has requested us to say, they have been recently compelled to curtail their exchange list not only on account of length continually increasing, which would soon require an extra edition of their periodical in order to meet its demands, but also because many journals with which they have exchanged from the beginning, have failed to offer them the slightest *quid pro quo*.

Country papers, whose columns every day or every week contain the elaborate prospectuses of Northern monthlies, have many of them studiously forbore to notice their Southern contemporary, of which few have been confined to a mere cold record of the reception of the work.

To the journals that have pursued a course so sordid and unpatriotic, *Russell's Magazine* shall no longer be sent as they do not esteem the publication worthy even of a passing comment, the inference obviously is, that they do not deserve its presence.

Such journals seem to prefer the fashion-places of *Godey*, or the rank abolitionism of *The Atlantic*. Let them gratify their taste in this respect, but let them not allude to the literary vasalage of the South, which they are so earnestly striving to perpetuate.—*Courier.*

Admission, 50 cents. Children and servants

Admission, 10 cents. 1 & 2 P. M.

Admission, 25 cents. Will exhibit the

Admission, 10 cents. Friday, June 25; at E. Smith's Store, Saturday, June 26; at Greensboro, Monday, June 28.

At Kerner's, Tuesday, June 29; at Germon, Wednesday, June 30; at Salem, Thursday, July 1.

H. W. RUGGLES, Agent.

NOTICE!

The subscriber having, at May Term,

1858, on the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, of the County of Guilford, qualified as Attorney upon the Estate of EDMUND W. OGBURN.

Decesed, hereby notifies all persons

having claims against the said estate to

present the same properly authenticated within the time prescribed by law; otherwise, this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

Debtors to the said estate will call and make immediate payment, thereby saving cost and trouble.

JED H. LINDSAY, Atm.

May 21, 1858.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR RENT.

The house and lot occupied by Edmund W. Ogburn, dec'd, for RENT until 1 January next. Possession given immediately.

JED H. LINDSAY, Atm.

Notice!

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS IN-

DEBTS TO THE FIRM OF OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Notice!

FATAL AFFRAY.—We learn that an

affray took place in this vicinity on Sun-

day last, in which a man by the name of

Anderson Beatty got his skull mashed by a brick thrown by Frank Cathey. It is

said that Beatty first threw the brick at

Cathey, when the latter returned it doing

the damage stated. A considerable quan-

tity of the skull bone has been removed,

and his recovery is considered hopeless.

Whiskey was the main cause.—*Western Democrat.*

My hand to man—and man to his God. It makes "home the dearest spot on earth;" for it is a halo round the mother's brow that encircles father, brother and sister. It sooths the sufferer's couch, illuminates the dark valley, and leads to the bright and peaceful abode of "the just made perfect." It gives us harps of gold, and palms of victory, and robes of righteousness, and crowns of joy; for "God so loved us, that He gave His only Son to die for us, that we might have life." Then tell me not, that it is an idle theme. That which brought the King of Glory from His Father's throne and the shining ones above, cannot be idle. Idle heads and hearts and tongues may think and throb and speak, but not of, nor with, nor about Love!

My mountain tour, after that absent brother of mine, has proved a failure. This little village holds me a prisoner, and but for the novelty of "up country life," and the ties of the "loved ones at home," I would pine for other scenes.

May you have success in all your efforts, whether they pertain to your "Times," or the friend of _____?

BLANCHE CAMERON.

Rural Hill, N. C.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AND THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

Recent developments have been made in reference to the Atlantic telegraph enterprise, whereby it has transpired that the company has

changed its charter and virtually handed the line over to the control of the British Government.

This has caused the Judiciary Committee in Congress to frame a

bill recommending that inasmuch as these

movements have been effected without the

sanction of the United States and since

this government is a party in the enter-

prise, the committee recommends that the

appropriation be withdrawn from the

Senate.

The news of the death of Maj. Calhoun,

son of the great Statesman, has caused a

great sensation here, where he was well

known and universally beloved.

Powers, the murderer has been notified

that his execution will take place on Fri-

day. Much sympathy is felt for him among

our citizens, as an execution is a rare

event in Washington.

The Odd Fellows, whose celebra-

tion two weeks ago was so unpleasantly marred by rain, determined to repeat it in fine

style this afternoon. The sky, unfortunately,

again threatens a shower, which, under the

circumstances, would be too bad—*Nous serons.*

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—We regret to hear of a most distressing accident which occurred at Taubor, Edgecombe county, N. C., on Friday afternoon last, and by which, doubtless, a very worthy young man has lost his life. A gentleman of this city, in Taubor at the time, furnishes the following particulars: The citizens having resolved to celebrate the approaching Fourth of July, a party of young gentlemen secured an old cannon for the purpose of giving it a thorough test, in order that no accident might occur when the time arrived to fire the national salute. The piece had been discharged once, but unfortunately, the young gentleman forgot to swab the gun, and while engaged in ramming the cartridge for the second shot, it was discharged, driving the rammer into the side of his thighs. The service of Dr. N. J. Pittman, one of the most skillful surgeons in that section were immediately procured, who rendered all necessary aid, but the unfortunate young man was sinking so rapidly Friday night all hopes of his recovery had been abandoned.—*Petersburg Express.*

CANDIDATES.

We are authorized to announce Col.

Josiah A. Houston, as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

We are authorized to announce Col.

C. A. Bonn, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

We are authorized to announce Wm. S.

Gilmer, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
TWILIGHT.

BY HUGH.

I love to muse in twilight hours,
O'er lovely scenes of long ago;
I love to sit me down alone,
And watch the fading evening glow.

I love to view night shadows fall,
When gentle Zephyr's murmur nigh;
And watch the golden liquid fade,
And diamonds deck the clear blue sky.

How calmly evening falls away,
With gentle boughs on thy brow;
The winds are hushed and deathly still,
And darkness moves in silence now.

Calm still twilight how I love thee,
For thou canst bring sweet memories nigh;

Of those loved ones who's far away;
With whom I parted with a sigh.

Me thinks I hear soft voices falling,
Through the twilight; on my ear;

Long lost living forms are near me,

And with the drowsy falls a tear.

It minds me of a pure bright form,
Who faded in her early bloom;

'Twas twilight when her spirit fled,

And then we laid her in the tomb.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Gambler's Doom.

A Story of New Orleans.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
Author of "The Outcast Child," "Spirit of the
Lord," "Phantom Yacht," "Gone for
Love," "Infernal Pilot," "My-
steries of a Night," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Twas indeed Charles Winslow, who thus unceremoniously appeared to Mr. Charlton. Even at the moment when he was congratulating himself upon his escape, the avenger stood before him.

For several seconds Charles Winslow regarded the insensible gambler—then he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. A Bowie knife and revolver on the stand, he also secured. Then, seeing the letters lying open upon the table, where Mr. Charlton had left them, he made bold to read them.

He smiled bitterly as he read the one relating to himself—and grew serious and thoughtful as he read the perfumed note from the beautiful widow in Virginia.

By the time he had finished reading them, the gambler gave signs of returning animation, and starting from the seat he had taken, Winslow seized him furiously.

"Up, villain!"—this is no time for such silly actions as this. Fainting—phew! Up and do my bidding or your life is not worth a single pinecone."

His stern grasp brought Mr. Charlton speedily to his senses, and then his adversary released his hold, he arose to his feet. His countenance was very pale—the effect of his fearful fright, and his limbs almost refused to support him.

"Sit down," said Winslow briefly and in a tone of command.

He was obeyed.

"At last we have met," continued he resolutely, "And under circumstances more favorable to justice and to myself; than when I last had the honor of meeting you! The warning contained in this has done you but little good."

And he picked up the letter with the utmost coolness.

"You are not so fortunate as to have won a hand of your own class around you, to swear by brute force the arm of retributive justice; and you may rest assured that this opportunity will not pass unnoticed, as I have a little account to settle that requires a small degree of privacy. We are now alone!"

The gambler summoned a look of assent to his features, as he replied—

"Here we are alone now, but I have only to ring this bell, and the servants will soon take measures to rid me of your unwelcome presence."

"Will they?" Was the reply ironically spoken.

"Most assuredly they will—and unless you choose to retire in a peaceful manner, I shall be under the necessity of ringing immediately for assistance."

"Ah! you are exceedingly sagacious."

"As you shall soon see," was the response, and the speaker turned towards the bell-cord.

But he had taken the second hasty step, a grasp like iron was laid upon his shoulder, and he was hurled back to his seat, while the knife of his antagonist was presented at his breast.

"Another movement like that, until you have my permission, will seal your doom!" said Winslow, with an emphasis that could not be mistaken. The gambler ground his teeth with rage.

"I will have your heart's blood for this!" he muttered fiercely.

"Softly—you have to comply with my conditions first," said the other. So good as to repay me the ten thousand dollars you robbed me of about four months ago."

"I bought it fairly."

"Dare you tell me that to my face?" said Winslow, and his grasp tightened upon the handle of his weapon. The gambler saw that ominous movement, and was silent.

"You robbed me," continued he, "and I now ask you to restore the whole sum."

"I will not!"

"Then I command you to do so," and his voice grew more determined.

"But I haven't that amount of money, and—"

"Open that trunk," said Winslow, in interrupting him, and he pointed to a leather trunk at the extremity of the chair.

"But I tell you!" said the speaker, "as I did as I bid you," and the speaker warned the gambler that he was getting impatient.

There was no alternative, as all the

available weapons were in the possession of his foe, and he sullenly obeyed! The lid was raised, and a roll of bank notes was visible and approaching him. Winslow saw that they were upon broken banks or counterfeit, and searching lower down in the trunk, he found that the gambler was in possession of more than enough good money to cover the amount of his claim.

"Count out the amount I ask."

Mr. Charlton looked up as if disposed to resist the commands, but a single glance of those dark eyes, warned him to proceed. He counted out ten thousand dollars, and handed it to its rightful owner, muttering as he did so—

"You have the advantage of me now, Charles Winslow, and I am forced to obey you, but rest assured that I will have ample satisfaction!"

"As you please," responded the other, carelessly, as he deposited the money in his pocket book.

A sinister smile illuminated the features of the gambler, as he heard the reply.

"I am a dead shot!" he hissed.

"And so am I," and Charles Winslow regretted the other with a strange smile.

"Will you meet me with pistols?" asked the gambler.

"With any weapon you may choose."

"And your time and place?"

"Subject to your orders!"

The gambler smiled. He was confident that he was the best shot. The time and place were chosen—at sunrise upon the following day, out at the lake. After the arrangements had been made, the parties separated, to meet upon the morrow at the present time—and every month is adding to the catalogue.

"You see," said he, "I was laying off Funchall with a cargo of hardware and ships, cultivators and such like. I sailed the brig Skylark from New York. Well, our provisions give out, and I calculated to lay in a supply at Funchall, but there wasn't none there."

"What?" said we, "none?"

"No, none. The cattle had all died, consequently there wasn't no beef; sheep had all died, and wasn't no mutton; hogs all got the measles, so there wasn't no pork; chickens all eaten up by the foxes, so there wasn't none of us."

"That's rather a dismal picture," was our reply; "how did the people procure food?"

"Food! well, they kinder lived on yams and roots; stole mules—the only thing that didn't die—and eat them."

"How about fish—couldn't they take fish as usual?"

"Nary fish; the fish all went out o' them latitudes. There warn't even sharks left, let alone anything worth catching."

"Why, that was strange."

"Yes; the only thing left in the harbor was mermaids, and they were nigh unto starvation too."

"The what?" we asked in surprise.

"The mermaids! Can't you hear?" yelled the captain, angry at even a hint of skepticism.

"What do you believe there are such creatures as mermaids?"

"Do I believe it? No, I don't believe it; I know it!" I reckon, stranger, I've seed a dozen of 'em at a time, a tumblin' in the surf like a lot of monkeys among the riggin'!"

"Indeed! and what do they feed upon?"

"Well, I reckon, principally fish. I've seen 'em catch herrin', stranger, and eat 'em raw up, as fast as a Dutch baby kent at pickles."

"But how did they get along at the time you speak of?" we inquired, endeavoring to assume an appearance of eruditeness.

"You said the fish had entirely disappeared."

"I did, and the poor mermaids suffered badly. Why, one night, as I was comin' down from the town to the quay where the brig's boat was tied up, I seed a fire burnin' on the beach. I reckoned first it was a lot of drunken sailors makin' punch. Well, I bore up towards it, and what'd ye think it was?"

Of course we gave it up.

"Well, I'll tell you, and then you can see the state of starvation folks was in."

"Stranger," and here the captain pulled on a solemn face, "it was a mermaid settin' over a fire, cookin' her own tail for supper!"

A DEPLORABLE DRUNKARD.—Some years ago, Congress numbered among its members several who were much given to a love of liquor, and were frequently seen about the streets of the metropolis "on a spree." Such conduct on the part of our law makers didn't impress the outsiders with such an exalted opinion of M. C. as they had, as the incident I am about to relate will show.

At the beginning of 1848, Upper California contained hardly 15,000 inhabitants of whom, about 2,000 were in San Francisco. Its only riches consisted in sheep and cattle; it only articles of export being the wool, hair, hides, and tallow of these animals. In the fertile but waste fields of Sacramento and San Joaquin, there were a few factories, like oases in the midst of the desert, the products of which hardly sufficed for the necessities of the scanty population.

In May, 1849, immigration commenced to people Upper California; and this region, before so quiet and poor, presented the most confused mixture of men, distinct in race, customs, and language, attracted thither by the fabulous discoveries of gold. Emigrants came, not only by way of Panama and Cape Horn, but through Sonora, Texas, and the valley of the Mississippi, across the continent, from the New England States, and from foreign countries.

In June, 1850, the census reckoned 92,500 inhabitants. In 1852, they numbered 269,050; and they have continued to increase gradually, till, at the end of 1857, the population was 579,000, classified as follows: 332,250 North Americans, 64,500 Indians, 38,500 Chinese, 12,000 French, 15,000 of Spanish race, 10,000 Irish, 2,000 English, and 4,000 people of color. In ten years, therefore, from 1848 to 1858, the population of California has increased forty fold.

Unfortunately, the moral advancement of California has not kept pace with its material progress, and thus its improvement by immigration, great as it has been, has been retarded. Had proper security for the life and property of its citizens been provided from the beginning, it would have avoided a great portion of the troubles that have constantly attended it; and its prosperity, infinitely greater even than now, would have corresponded with the boundless enterprise of its pioneers. Yet, if the people will it, and their rulers respond to their will, the future may stand amply for the errors of the past, and, with the eradication of the spirit of revolution, and the restoration of the uniform rule of law, California may yet assume and retain commercial and political supremacy over the Pacific coast. *Daily Globe.*

HOW TO COOL WATER.—As warm weather will soon be upon us with all its fervor, and all cannot conveniently get ice, we give the following as a good substitute, which all who do not get ice would do well to try. The experiment is a cheap one. If it is desired to cool water for drinking in warm weather, and ice cannot be obtained for this purpose, let it be kept in an unglazed earthenware pitcher, wrapped around with two or three folds of coarse cotton cloth kept constantly wet. The theory of cooling water in this manner is the absorption of heat from it by the evaporation of the moisture in the cotton cloth—expansion produces cold; compression heat.—*Nash News.*

ROSEMARY.—This name is given to a small shrub which inhabits the rocky hills in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean, and is common to many gardens in Europe and America. It has very narrow green leaves, turned back at the edge and hairy underneath. The flowers are of a dull leaden blue, or even white. It has been employed in medicine as a cure for headache, in the form of an infusion and is an ingredient in many pomatums. It is also a component of eau de cologne—the most famous of all artificial scents.

The gray bushes mantled with dew-drops on the coasts of Italy and France, are said to justify the singular name that has been given to the plant. The Yankee was astonished at this want of attention on the part of the driver of said cart and turning to a Philadelphian standing by, he remarked:

"I guess the folks ain't very polite about here; tu'me, where I live they are always turn for a funeral."

"Oh! that's part of the procession," remarked the Philadelphian, gravely.

"Du tell! You don't say so! How?" exclaimed the astonished Yankee.

"Why, you see its very poor, sandy soil about here, and nothing comes up they plant, unless they manure it well; so, when they bury a fellow, they throw a whole cart load in the grave, to make him rise at the judgment day!"

The Yankee mizled.

When the Princess Helen was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had a young sister. "Oh that is delightful," cried little innocent royalty; "do let me go and tell mamma!"

A DEADLY COLOR.—It is said that the new Azot green of the Paris spring fashions is dyed of such poisonous materials that seamstresses who prick their fingers while sewing lose the use of their hands and ladies have been taken violently ill from wearing shawls of this color, and in consequence, inhaling its poisonous odors. The tint is very brilliant.

A clergyman observing a poor man by the roadside, with a pick axe and a picket, and he was huddled back to his seat, while the knife of his antagonist was presented at his breast.

"Another movement like that, until you have my permission, will seal your doom!" said Winslow, with an emphasis that could not be mistaken. The gambler ground his teeth with rage.

"I will have your heart's blood for this!" he muttered fiercely.

"Softly—you have to comply with my conditions first," said the other. So good as to repay me the ten thousand dollars you robbed me of about four months ago."

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"But I tell you!" said the speaker, "as I did as I bid you," and the speaker warned the gambler that he was getting impatient.

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USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is collected in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, week and daily paper. If any information, however, called for, is not easily found, would form a precious series of facts invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the manufacturer and the statesman.

Scrap for the Museum of Science

The study of the natural sciences is a never-failing source of delightful occupation, and has a direct and positive tendency to create and keep alive both religious and moral sentiment. No one who opens a proper spirit of the great book of nature, can fail to turn from its contemplation with a more devout and reverential acknowledgment of the power of the Divine Author, and his infinite wisdom, goodness, and benevolence.

Business Cards.

R. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS! PILLS THAT

ARE PILLS. Prof. Hayes, State Chemist, of Massachusetts, says

they are the best of all pills, and

annexed are the men who certi-

fied that Dr. Hayes knew:</